
Title: New Magincia Recon

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There have been hushed rumors in port towns and dockside establishments that the insidious soldiers of Bane have been spotted with demons in tow, moving towards New Magincia. Based on these rumors and the loss of a game of dice, the Britannian Publishing Company dispatched Garrett Granth, sole proprietor, to the scene to examine the city and see if he could find any trace of the cult. This is his initial report:

"Figured it'd be easy. You can take a Moongate to New Magincia, after all. So I went from the Moonglow docks, where I was doing an experiment in probability and social psychology (known as a good game of dice) and popped on over to the Moonglow Moongate.

Alas, attempting to reach New Magincia was impossible, so I boarded a small fast vessel and headed for the island myself - being an excellent seaman.

I reached the island from the far North-Eastern side, east of the beach which contains the Goodman Memorial Rune library.

Demons and bane dragons were swarming the field

near the city. Tents had
been erected, deamons
flew out to intercept my
boat, and only the speed
of the vessel kept them
from pulling me limb from
limb.

Thereafter I headed
south, towards the castle
proper.

It was completely overrun
by aggressive flying
deamons and dragons
which I left trailing my
boat as I headed west
around the tip of the
isle.

Then, I came in near the
site of the Moongate,
which was gone.
Obviously the Bane Chosen
have used this to keep
anyone from aiding New
Magincia. This was far
more than a cult
appearance, this was
full-blown war.

Girding myself for a bit
of combat, I made my
way ashore, a tricky
maneuver in platemail
when you must scale a
sheer cliff. Liberal
application of the spell
"Rel Por" was crucial
here.

The old mage that greets
people who come through
the moongate seemed
undisturbed by the missing
gate, forcing me to
assume that he is quite
mad. I headed east into
the island proper, after
making certain that the
Goodman Memorial Rune
Library was safe and
unmolested (it was).

On the plains nearing the
new construction, I
encountered a deamon -
one with one of those
unpronouncable names. I

slew it after a
protracted battle, and
upon its corpse I found
the normal trappings that
these beasts carry,
nothing to indicate
anything more out of the
ordinary than the
presence of the fiend
itself. Then, I took it
upon myself to slay one
of the Bane Chosen
Recruits. They fell easily
to my arrows, as they
had no ranged offensive
capabilities. They were
well armored, however, in
dragon armor that proved
to be a bit difficult to
break through, and they
moved quickly. Only
mounted archery was able
to keep me out of
harms' way.

Once the recruit was
dead, I donned his armor
and disguised myself to
see if I might pass the
deamonic sentries.
Nay. I say "Nay."
Neither deamon nor
recruit nor bane dragon
was fooled, and retreat
was my only viable option.

Upon return to my boat,
I penned this missive to
go to the Britannian
Publishing Company
immediately so that
others may benefit from
my reconnasaince. Be
advised that currently,
the city is under seige,
and tactical combat will
be neccessary should you
wish to survive a trip
inland. The Moongate
area is safe at the
moment, as is the
Northern beach.

May ale find you, Garrett
Granth, BPC.